For the IRON PORT.

SECONDLY, if not first, in importance of the commercial interests of Delta county, is the manufacturing and shipping of pine lumber. To supply the mills large tracts of land are annually stripped of the marketable timber, which is cut into logs, which are driven to the mills at high water, generally in early spring time. At the approach of winter "gangs" of men set out for the pineries, to repair and cut roads, build camps, and to make the usual preparations for the winter's campaign. Apropos to the exhausting drain of forest products, your correspondent submits the

SLAUGHTER OF THE PINES.

The cabins of logs are of rude design,
Unlike "the tent on the beach" by the sea,
But are made of cedar, or sapling pine,
Framed and raised in the wild wood free,
Far from the storm scourged oceans roar,
Its shifting sands and surf-worn shore.

From morning gray 'till twilight hours,
The strokes of woodman's axe resound,
Then sway the pines, like toppling towers,
With threat'ning mien and thund'ring sound
'Tis thus the forest giants—low—
Are laid, deep sunk in plashing snow.

Crash, crash! again come sweeping boughs
Of lofty pines, cleaving the air,
With whizzing noise, that will arouse
The timid deer in far off lair,
The crash through grand old forest aisles,
Is echoed back from dark defiles.

Through dreary night among the pines,
The gaunt wolf shuns the camp-fire's glare
Disdains retreat, yet still inclines
Like faithful sentinel, to share
The danger, and as in affright,
With doleful howl awaits the light.

Sadly will dusky savage tread,
Through forest's green that soon must fall,
His troubled thoughts are oft-times led
To contemplate, that soon must all
His haunts—his brave old woodland home,
The white man's dwelling place become.

And as the slaughter day by day
Goes on—and on—the valleys dank,
Groan with burthen, strewn the way,
With sunder'd pines on stream and bank,
When rivers brim with melting snow,
Move with the current's quickened flow. *